

Mechanics Advocate

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKINGMAN, AND THE ELEVATION OF LABOR.

JOHN TANNER,

Honor and Shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the Honor lies.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ALBANY, APRIL 1, 1848.

WHOLE NUMBER 69.

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

LINES.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Because
no man hath hired us."

QUESTION.

"Why stand ye idle all the day?
Why blanches now thy manly cheek?
Why let your precious moments fly,
While others labor for their meat?"

"Why not go forth and seek employ,
And earn by honest labor, bread,
'Tis good to labor—cast aside
The present's gloom—the future's dread!"

ANSWER.

"Alas we have employment sought,
Have sought, and sought in vain;
They all admire our *handy-work*,
Yet *spurn* us with disdain."

"Our wrongs we feel with deep despair,
For while the *rich* are fain,
To seek our *works*, they hold us but
As slaves to swell their gain!"

INVITATION.

"Come join a band whose motto is
Love and Liberty on earth combined;
Who seek to claim their rights as men—
Their sure *PROTECTION* thou wilt find."

"Time wilt thou have to toil for bread,
Thy children to instruct and love;
Time to elevate the mind,
And praise the Power who reigns above."

Waterloo, Feb. 13, 1848.

E. B.

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

PARTIZAN DAYS,

Or the Scathed Horseman of Cowpens.

Concluded.

BY AMERICUS.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving Capt. Cruger with the band of partizans, let us turn our eyes toward a little valley, some six miles from their retreat. There on the banks of that same tributary of the Catawba, mentioned in the preceding chapter, but which now released from the fretting hills flowed smoothly through a cultivated plain, stood a capacious mansion surrounded by all the appurtenances of a flourishing plantation.

The possessions of Col. Crawford, thus forming a comparative oasis, in the desert, had as yet from their isolated position and the watchful guardianship of the whigs been left unscathed amid the almost universal devastation of domestic strife and foreign warfare. But a terrible visitation was close at hand. A friendly messenger has just conveyed intelligence to the family, that a detachment of Tories, two or three hundred in number, were approaching. The partizan scout, for such he was who gave the warning, then dashed onward, with a reeking steed to bring his companions to the rescue.

Col. Crawford, who possessed a spirit adequate to the occasion, and who had long looked forward to such

a crisis was not long in barricading his castle, and arming its sable garrison, hoping to hold out at least until the arrival of succor. Hardly were the arrangements completed, when the Tory bands appeared in sight.—The house was soon surrounded, and the leader, finding it prepared to receive him, relinquished for awhile the blustering bravado of the tory, to assume the politeness of the regular officer, and in his summons to surrender, "hoped that to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood" its garrison would at once see the folly of resistance.

The Colonel was too well acquainted with those whom he was now dealing to trust their professions, and he returned a spartan answer.

Seeing no other means of reducing the house, the tories at last concluded to try the dangerous method of a storm. Forming in three separate detachments, they rushed furiously upon as many points of the building at once. They were met by the fire of a dozen muskets, which tore through their close array with terrible effect. At the massive hall, where the Col. stood in person, the assailants were immediately repulsed, and the rest disheartened by the failure of the main body also fell back. Previous to the onset the outhouses had been fired, and a dense body of smoke and flame, behind which the tories sought refuge, screened them from further punishment. Scattering shots continued to be poured in upon the house, one of which entering a crevice lodged in the Colonel's arm. His piece dropped from his grasp, at the same moment a slight shriek was heard at the head of the hall staircase, and the next a beautiful girl bounding down the stairs, stood at the side of the wounded man. Although suffering with the pain of his wound, the Colonel rebuked the sympathizing girl for thus leaving her place of security, and could only prevail upon her to return, by consenting to let her act the surgeon in staunching the blood, and binding up the arm.

Some time elapsed before the tories showed a disposition to renew the attack, and then only by hurling fire brands, and shooting flaming arrows into the roof, they had performed more than usual in an open manly fight, by assaulting the house, and were now content to rest upon their laurels, and limit their endeavors to firing it. A loud shout at last proclaimed the success of their artillery. The house was on fire, and there was now no hope for its inmates except in the arrival of succor.

Let us now return to the partizans who we left issuing from their lair. Scouring rapidly through the forest over hill and dale, they at last reached the open grounds of the plantation. Here volley after volley borne on the breeze from the direction of the Colonels announced the commencement of hostilities in that quarter. The order was then given to advance steadily and in compact order to the brow of a knoll, about a mile ahead, and from thence to charge down like a thunderbolt upon the foe. Slowly the chafing chargers advanced up the hill. Arriving at the summit, no command was given, but there was a jingling of bits and stirrups, and the steeds, as if in the secrets of the riders will, dashed fiercely down the slope. Scarcely a

minute elapsed, are the swords of the avengers were gleaming amid the broken mass of tories. Crash went the sabre through cuirass and skull—pistol shots rang in every direction picking off the fugitives, and shrieks, imprecations, and groans filled the air. Not more terrible is painted the day of judgment than was the charge of those wild relentless riders to the tories on that day. By this time the house was nearly enveloped in flames and Maj. Pickens, sounding the recall, rode up to the door, to rescue its inmates from a foe that could not be subdued by the blades of his men. At that moment the massive door, which had hitherto been so resolutely barred turned on its hinges and Col. Crawford, weak from the loss of blood, followed by his faithful slaves, tottered forward to greet his deliverer, he had hardly time to grasp the hand of Maj. Pickens, when a deadly pallor spread over his countenance, and he sank fainting to earth. Giving his men directions to prepare a litter, the Major was about arranging his command for a retreat, when a shriek was heard from the burning dwelling, and a form clad in white, was dimly seen at an upper window, through the curtain of smoke. At this moment Col. Crawford having recovered his faculties cried out in a frantic voice, my niece! oh save my niece. The appeal was not unheeded, for a half-a-dozen stalwart men, sprang into the hall, for the rescue. Of these all were driven back by the flames save one, and that one was Capt. Cruger, rushing up the stair case through the fiery barrier, with the flames eagerly curling around and embracing his person, he at last reached the room, from the window of which had been descried the white form. There, looking out from the blazing mass around her, upon the beautiful world beyond, stood a young lady, with hands clasped, hair dishevelled, and white garments waving in the scorching currents of air, like the robes of sacrifice. Crouching at her feet and palsied with terror, was a faithful black girl, even in her dread extremity finding some little consolation in that one paramount idea, she should die with her mistress.

Aroused by the sound of footsteps the maiden looked around. One earnest gaze and she burst from the clutch of her slave, and nestled in the bosom of the stranger. But two words were spoken by the parties, and they were—Edward—Clara.

But with the flames hissing and crackling around, this was no time to indulge in the interchange of sentiment. To regain the open air, by the staircase was now impossible, as a last resort, the young man seized a counterpane, tore it hastily into strips, then tied them together, and fastened them to the waist of the maiden thus forming a rope, with which he lowered her safely to the earth. Eager hands soon released the cord from its burden. It was drawn up, and in a few moments again returned, freighted with the helpless black girl. Then a form was seen glancing in the air, and the next moment, Edward Cruger stood among his comrades unharmed, save the scorching of his uniform and the loss of his eyebrows, mustachios and a goodly portion of the hair. A tree near the house had projected a friendly bough within six feet of the window, and the

young man clutching the supple limb, in his descent, had thereby nearly broken the force of the fall. Col. Crawford having so far recovered from his weakness as to be able to mount, horses were provided for himself and niece, the slaves were ordered to take to their own resources, and the march commenced. With a last look at the ruins of his dwelling, the homeless man to whom a residence in the neighborhood was no longer tenable committed himself to the guardianship of the partizan commander. It is almost needless to say that the young Captain, thus strangely thrown in the presence of his early love, was not easily induced to leave her side. During the march, that hardy, weather browned soldier, so different from the fair stripling of other days, heard from the lips of Clara Davenant, no longer the delicate parlor Miss—but a resolute woman, with a spirit almost sufficient to cope with the rough fortunes of the iron time—her story of nearly the last five years.

When the denouement of his daughters love affair, Mr. Davenant had retired to his plantation, and watched he passing events with all the sang froid of an uninterested spectator. At length when the power of Cornwallis seemed to have become fixed he was invited in common, with other wealthy inhabitants, to accept a British protection. To this Mr. Davenant saw not the least objection, but when in a few months, he was called upon as the price of that protection, to take up arms against his countrymen—honor, and fellowship forbade, and he resolutely refused.

Foreseeing the coming storm, he despatched his daughter westward, where the whigs were yet in the ascendancy, and committed her to the care of her uncle, Col. Crawford, remaining at home himself to bide its fury. The threats, with which they sought to intimidate, the haughty Carolinian were at length put into execution. The splendid mansion on the banks of the Santee, was burned, the slaves carried off, and their owner only escaped with his life by flight, burning with a desire of vengeance, he now joined the ranks of his countrymen—accepted the commission of Captain, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Camden. Being identified, he was held not as a prisoner of war, but a traitor, and the last news that the daughter had heard of him, was, that confined in a loathsome dungeon, he was as such, awaiting the trial of a court martial. After a march of a few miles the party found themselves among the hills. Entering a gorge, or narrow valley, bounded on either side by a perpendicular wall of lime rock, they soon reached a little hut, which resting against the rocks, stood with its rude portal, looking upon the foamy brooklet, threading the valley. Here the command was given to halt, and Major Pickens dismounting, knocked at the door. For some time all was silence within, but a magic word whispered through a crevice soon had the effect of unbarring the door, and a gray haired matron, saluting the Maj. as an old acquaintance. After a short conference, Pickens turning to Col. Crawford, announced a determination of leaving him and his niece, at this place, as it was necessary that the party should commence a forced march, in order to join Morgan.

To the remonstrance of Capt. Cruger, upon leaving those whom he had been at such pains to rescue, in such a wild and defenceless situation, the Partizan smilingly answered that mother Goodwin had a way of protecting those entrusted to her charge most effectually, as many a wounded trooper could bear witness.—In proof of this he desired the young man to look at the old lady's suit of apartments. Dismounting from his charger and bending his tall form, the young officer passed under the lowly portal. Here nothing met his gaze but a single room with a few dilapidated articles of furniture negligently strown around, and he was about to ask an explanation, when the proprietress of the wild abode, taking him by the arm, led him to the enormous chimney, always forming the most prominent feature of a log cabin, and pointed to an aperture in its back. Anxious to give the subject a thorough investigation, Cruger, by the help of a chair, entered the

opening and soon found himself in quite a spacious cave, traversing its extent, he soon became satisfied by the packages of provisions and ammunition, the warlike implements scattered around, that this was nothing more nor less than a partizan depot, and the old woman, the most effectual guard that could be employed to watch it. The cavern was dimly lighted up by a seam of the rock, from which looking out the young man beheld the little valley with its foaming stream at his feet beneath, while far away rose the wild forest crowned hills of the wild region around. Upon returning from his exploration, the young man found the hut already tenanted by Clara, her wounded uncle, and her faithful black girl—and was fully satisfied, that for the present the alternative chosen, was better than the fatigue and perils of a forced and rugged march.

With a whisper in the ear, that brought the color to the cheek of the maiden, and a warm pressure of the hand he now bade her adieu, and springing to his charger, by the side of the Major who was already in the saddle, the whole band soon lost sight of the hut, as they dashed on its winding course through the gorge.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning of the 17th of January 1781, a small army, with its banners lighted by the crimson hues of the eastern sky; might be seen advancing through a district of western Carolina, hitherto almost, wholly under tory domination. This force, small as it was, nevertheless, comprised nearly half of the whole number then in arms, under the command of Green, in the southern department. When that General, with a heart bleeding for the sufferings of his countrymen, divided his force, and entrusted the command of this detachment to the heroic Morgan, he knew the reed on which he leant. As had been foreseen when Cornwallis heard of this movement, he dispatched Tarlton, with his fleet legion of horse, to turn aside the blow aimed at the Tories. To a person of Morgan's temperament, a retreat under any circumstances was humiliating, a flight perfectly abhorrent. Upon hearing of the approach of Tarlton with a superior force, he had deviated from his line of march in order to give several partizan corps on the way to join him, time to effect a junction, before the engagement which he saw must ensue. Knowing that Tarlton would soon overtake him, he was fully resolved to turn at bay, the moment the British vanguard should appear in sight.

As Morgan's command was sullenly continuing its march, (for it can scarcely be called a retreat,) the pickets came dashing in, and the distant thunder of hoofs, announced the approach of a body of horse.

Preparations were then made to receive the new comers either as friend or foe, and in a few minutes Morgans ranks were swelled by the arrival of a partizan corps one hundred strong.

A single horseman, was then observed to leave the position assigned to the reinforcement, and cross over to the right flank where was posted Washington's troop. Some time elapsed before the cavaliers could recognize in the scathed and blackened figure before them, the gay and handsome Captain who had left their ranks but two days before—but his identity once established, the grasp of welcome was none the slighter on account of his appearance. The troopers well knew that his blade would gleam as bright as ever in the conflict.

The moment was now near, that was to teach the flushed Briton how misplaced was his scorn of the American militia and the ragged continentals, when led by proper officers.

The efforts that Morgan had made to protract the period of combat ceased with the arrival of reinforcements. On the celebrated field of Cowpens the American forces were drawn up in the following array. The militia were drawn up in front, a line of scarred veterans, twenty yards behind them in the centre, and Washington's troops in the rear. In front of these ranks sounded the same strong voice that had pealed the charging shout from the walls of Quebec, towered the

same proud form that had been wreathed by the battle smoke on the plains of Saratoga.

Not long did they wait the approach of the hitherto invincible Tarlton, for his bugle sounding the charge, was soon heard in the distance. Then a waving mass of plumes, a red cloud sending forth its bright steel gleams like the lightnings from the curtain of the tornado, swept down upon the American lines, with the tornados grandeur.

Aware of the overwhelming force with which the impetuous Tarlton was wont to charge, Morgan, had prepared his men for it, and instead of vainly endeavouring to stem the dreadful tide, the plastic line gave way with but little injury. Supposing the battle already won, the British troopers, rushed down upon the veteran line. Suddenly there was a lurid blaze a tremendous report, and the charging column reeled under a withering fire. Nevertheless, with all the boasted courage of Englands chivalry, the survivors rushed upon the hedge of steel before them, and for a while madly strove to pierce it. The severed line of militia having formed on either flank, now commenced pouring in their deadly volles and the force of the charge was destroyed. Now was the time to roll back the flood stayed in its course. Washington's bugle gave the signal, and his horsemen rushed with flaming sabres among the foe. The firing ceased—the issue of the day was left to those far famed horsemen, the pride of either army.

Foremost in the charge with his sword even gleaming in advance of that of the gallant Washington, might be seen a rough looking individual, mounted upon a beautiful charger. Wherever rose the weapon of that wild rider; wherever that beautiful steed scattered his foam, a path was opened through the mass of foemen. "Amid the thunder of the captains and the shouting," moved that charger in all the grandeur with which the war steed is invested by Job,—and his rider from his singular appearance, soon became known under the sobriquet of the scathed horseman.

The British troopers, more used to trampling down the helpless foot, than to meeting foemen, with swords as long and seats as firm as their own at length gave way, and a cheer from the American ranks, told that the battle of Cowpens was won.

Capt. Cruger, or the "scathed horseman," having observed a small troop of British dragoons, who took no part in the action, but had turned in flight the moment the fortunes of the day were decided, still preserving the order of an escort, collected a few of his men, and singled it out as the particular object of pursuit. The blood horses of the Americans soon overtook the heavy one of the British troopers, and wrested a prisoner from their hands. What was Crugers surprise to behold in that prisoner, the haughty aristocrat, who had once so ignominiously expelled him from his house. In the present plight of his deliverer Mr. Davenant failed to recognize him however, and the young officer directing his men to remain as an escort rode hastily back to the lines. Upon his arrival, Gen. Morgan riding forward grasped his hand, and there on the field of victory, congratulated his country upon possessing so gallant a defender. The short speech was greeted by a shout from the men that told the "Scathed horseman" of his well won popularity. Measures were now taken to soften the revolting features of a field after a battle as much as possible. The wounded were consigned to the care of the surgeon, and the dead collected for burial. The weary soldiers, many of whom had scarcely left the saddle for the last twenty-four hours, was now at liberty to rest and refresh themselves. Capt. Cruger availed himself of the opportunity, by resorting to his wardrobe and removing the marks of the flames, the dust of the march, and the stains of battle from his person. When summoned by Maj. Pickens to Morgans marquee for the purpose of being introduced to the liberated captive, he again could lay some claim to being one of the handsomest officers in the service.

Scarcely had he entered the tent, when Maj. Pickens led him toward a middle aged gentleman in the tattered undress uniform of a continental officer. That individual, after gazing earnestly in the face of the new comer for a moment, and then hearing the name of Cruger pronounced, suddenly became painfully embarrassed, and with flushed features could scarcely stammer out a greeting. Offering his hand with manly frankness, the young man bade Mr. Davenant forget old and disagreeable occurrences, in new and more pleasant ones—adding that as compatriots, engaged in the holy cause of freedom, there could no longer be harsh feelings between them.

Mr. Davenant cordially accepted the offered hand, and instead of a frown of displeasure at now hearing his daughter's name mentioned, not by the lips of a sooty Lieutenant, but a "scathed" Captain—a tear gathered in his eye, and he mournfully shook his hand. Maj. Pickens, who beheld the scene between the two in silent wonder, now got an inkling of the true state of the case and anxious to relieve Mr. Davenant from his painful ignorance of the fate of his daughter, exclaimed your daughter is safe—and proceeded to give a relation of the affair, without much regard to the modesty of one of the parties concerned.

In a short time, an escort under the guidance of Lieut. Sanford, accompanied by Capt. Cruger and Mr. Davenant was on the way to seek out the mountain cabin, where one of the parties was to find a daughter, the other a bride. The same mountain gorge was reached—the same streamlet traced in its windings, but arriving at the site of the hut, nothing remained but a heap of smouldering ashes. The brow of Mr. Davenant grew pale in the anticipation of some new, and terrible calamity, but in the breast of Capt. Cruger there was yet hope. Firing his pistol as a signal, the sound of which reverberated wildly among the rocks, he awaited the result. Soon a voice rang from the chimney, which the flames had been unable to conquer, and a white handkerchief waved from this now sole portal of the cavern abode.

Capt. Cruger then commenced the entrance of the cave into whose mysteries he had formerly been initiated, followed by Mr. Davenant. He was met in the dim passage by Clara, and once more he folded her to his breast. Raising her brow from the manly shoulder on which it rested, Clara beheld another personage who she had failed to note. That was the second time that the father had seen the lovers greeting, but this time it produced no explosion of anger, and with a shriek of joy, Clara sprang into his arms. Father and daughter so long separated by the fortunes of a cruel war, were again united. After the first burst of affection, Col. Crawford came forward, greeted his brother-in-law, and at the request of Capt. Cruger, proceeded to relate the story of his short abode in the cave. On the evening of Maj. Pickens departure, a band of tory marauders, passing that way, had fired the cabin from sheer wantonness, its inmates finding refuge in the cave.

Mr. Davenant then briefly stated the adventures of the past, which were to the following effect, that having accepted a protection from Cornwallis, upon his refusal to take up arms for the king it was wielded as a weapon against him. That having joined the whig ranks, and being captured at Camden, after being confined in a dungeon for a long while, he was at last brought forward and by a mock court martial, condemned to the death of a traitor. That he was rescued from such an event only by the victory of Cowpens, and the perseverance of a young officer. That the events of the last few years, having subdued many of his prejudices, he should reward that officer for his services in preserving the lives of both father and daughter by the hand of the latter. Then joining the hands of the couple he called on Heaven to witness their holy betrothal, to which all parties responded amen. Thus in that rough cave, corresponding in its strength and simplicity with the republican character, and so totally

different from the luxurious saloon in which he at first wooed her, did Edward Cruger win his bride.

Although nearly five years of strife had transformed the fair youth in to the hardy man. Although they had superseded the dancing joyousness of sixteen with the staid and womanly grace of twenty-one—neither party could be said to have suffered by the change. Especially as the love of dawning manhood, of sweet and happy girlhood, flamed as bright as ever in the maturer breast of each.

Arrangements were speedily made to transfer the inhabitants of the rock from their gloomy abode, a days march placed them in Morgans camp, and when that officer joining Green, crossed the swollen waters of the Dan with the baffled legions of Cornwallis in the rear, a sheltering nook was found for the affianced of Cruger in a Virginian valley.

When peace once more smiled upon the land, when true hearts and strong arms were no longer needed to shield the form of freedom from the shaft of tyranny, Cruger and his destined father-in-law, left the service of equal rank, both mounting the epauletts of a Colonel.

A short time after the evacuation of Charleston by the British forces; that same splendid mansion, where Mr. Davenant had held his soirees in halcyon days, was lighted up with more than usual splendor. That evening a select party, many of whom like Maj. Pickens, bore the marks of fierce campaigns, witnessed a happy bridal.

It is hardly necessary to designate the parties as the reader having the patience to follow us over so many weary columns, will readily determine who they were.

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

London, (Eng.,) Jan'y 11, 1848.

FRIEND TANNER:—I suppose you begin to think I am not a man of my word, as in my last I promised to write at least as often as once a month, but the fact is, as I came to this country in search of health, I have been obliged to "look about," as they say here, for it. I have travelled over the greater part of England and have spent nearly two months in Scotland, and although I have not written to you in that time, I have not been idle. I have collected a large package of "documents" on various scientific and reform subjects, such as speeches, reports, &c., which I shall send with this, so that you can make extracts at your leisure.

I saw, yesterday, the report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the sanitary state and requirements of the metropolis. It is full of interesting and important facts and opinions, which might be popularised and disseminated with much advantage to the public. The Commission pursued its investigations with especial reference to the threatened approach of cholera, and the measures to be adopted for preventing or mitigating its ravages. The Report appears to demonstrate that cholera is non-infectious; that its manner of introduction and extension in the various cities of Europe was everywhere similar; that it visits with most severity the same classes of persons and the same places, and is governed nearly by the same circumstances as typhus fever; that these circumstances are generally removable by proper sanitary arrangements; and that typhus and cholera are, to a great extent, preventable; that the first pre-disposing cause of cholera is the habitual respiration of an impure atmosphere; the second, irregular and unsuitable diet; and that the epidemic rages with greatest severity where these and the other predisposing causes, filth, deficient light, &c., are combined. The means for prevention suggested by the Commission are bold and comprehensive, and should be carried out under a system of centralisation; for it is shown that, where this is not the case, the want of uniformity in insanitary measures often aggravates the evil attempted to be modified by partial improvements.

A very satisfactory experimental trip has been made upon the Thames to test the powers of Simpson's patent submerged propeller. The invention has been applied to the *Albion*, a small steam-boat, of 20 horse power. And the experiment has resulted to the entire satisfaction of several influential and scientific men who joined in the experimental trip. An average speed of from ten to twelve knots an hour was obtained. The

new propellers consist of wheels acting horizontally or vertically, in a case entirely underneath the water.—Those used in the *Albion* are constructed with four plain leaves or floats, fixed on a vertical shaft, surrounded by the case. This case is a concentric circle, rendered eccentric by its position with relation to the wheel, which it exceeds in size sufficiently to give effect to the centrifugal action of the water. The three problems, of the most effective method of supply, the delivery, and above all the best direction of the course of the water, appear to have been solved with great ingenuity by the patentee. The principle of the invention may more briefly be stated to consist in the ejection of a column of water in a parallel line with that of the vessel's motion, which column acts against the water outside the vessel. The patentee's theory is, that as the wings of a bird act upon the air, which is beaten back as the bird flies onward, so these two submerged columns act as powerful water wings, beating back the denser mass of water with invisible but irresistible force. Nothing can be more beautiful than the noiseless motion of Mr. Simpson's boat. There is an entire absence of all surface swell, and the vessel steals rapidly through the water propelled by invisible agency. The Earl of Dundonald was pleased to express a high opinion of the value of the invention, more particularly in propelling boats upon canals and narrow rivers. By a beautiful contrivance, the case is constructed to change its position on the wheel being reversed, when it assumes the same form as for "going ahead," and the wheel and case perform the same office as before with the greatest precision. The diameter of the submerged propeller wheels of the *Albion* is 24 inches, and the wheels necessary to be used in a boat of 300 tons or 400 tons burden would not exceed 30 inches in diameter. This is one of the most extraordinary features of the invention, the diameter of paddle-wheels employed in steam-boats of similar tonnage being now nearly as many feet. The invention is one which cannot fail to attract the attention of the scientific world, and will probably introduce a new era in steam navigation.

During the past week two extraordinary instances of working class gratitude and generosity have occurred. Messrs. Boydell and Roper, of the Oak Farm Works, near Dudley, having become involved in difficulties, like many of their neighbours, the workmen engaged at the works offered to labour a month gratuitously for the purpose of enabling their employers to weather the storm. The other instance we allude to occurred in the town of Darlington. The employers were unable to pay the sum of 8,000*l.* advanced to them by the District Bank, the consequence of which was, the lenders of the money put in an execution. This fact becoming known to the workmen, they unanimously agreed to work until Christmas without requiring wages. The firm, however, obtained accommodation to the amount required, from a railway company, and paid off the bank. According to the account given in the newspapers, "the men drew their employers in a carriage to the works, where they quickly, and amidst cheers, ejected the bumbailiffs." From what we can learn of the character of the firms mentioned, they have rendered themselves honorably conspicuous in their endeavours to promote the welfare of their workmen and it is no doubt, gratifying to them to find that in times of difficulty their workmen are ready to render them all the assistance in their power. *Good Masters make grateful workmen*, is a maxim that might be remembered with advantage by many a manufacturer that I could name in the United States.

But I must draw to a close, my time is short, as the friend by whom I send this and the package, leaves in his vessel sometime to-morrow; he is mate on board, but informs me that he has friends in Albany and that, he is well acquainted with you. I became acquainted with him at an American Boarding House here, and found him to be a first-rate fellow. I will not promise when I shall write again as that is uncertain.

Yours,

JOSEPH P. SMITH.

EQUAL RIGHTS.—A bill has been passed by the Ohio Legislature, which exempts from attachment, one horse, harness and dray of every drayman in the State. The mover of the measure said he introduced it "because a 'pill-pedlar, of his county, whose horse and medicines were exempt from attachment, had 'doctored' one of his draymen constituents, and levied on his horse and dray, and sold them, to pay his bill. The doctor, himself, at the same time 'was over head and ears, in debt, and his horse and medicines could not be reached by his creditors.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

PEN.—The silent mouth-piece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and immortality to the evanescent thought of a moment.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

"THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE."

ALBANY, APRIL 1, 1848.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS.

That Post-Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers for the MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, during the period between Dec. 11, 1847 and July 1, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office or to subscribers through it), shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions, gratuitously, for one year after the expiration of the year for which the subscriptions shall have been paid. To secure this prize, the amount of one year's subscription for each subscriber must be paid in advance.



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The following gentlemen are Local agents for the *Advocate*, and we trust they will use all the exertion in their power to enlarge our circulation. The *Advocate* is now dependent entirely upon local agents, and we hope they will act now. Will not each one of them send us one or two new subscribers each week?

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A. C. VAN ALSTYNE, Lansingburgh.
JAMES SULLIVAN, Washington, D. C.
A. G. GRANGER, Canandaigua.
D. REES, Rochester.
S. P. STILES, Troy.
S. A. HOLMES, Ithaca.
HEZEKIAH RUNNELS, New Scotland.
JOSEPH OSBORN, Seneca Falls.
HORACE E. HIGLEY, Oswego, N. Y.
V. SHAW, Grand Rapids, Mich.
H. M. WARREN, Batavia, N. Y.
Bro. JAS. S. HUYLER, New York City.
" I. A. CAMPBELL, No. 80 James st. N. Y.
" WM. R. MCCALL, Marshall, Michigan.
" JAMES HOLMES, Akron, Ohio.
" R. J. APPLEBY, Ohio City, Ohio.
" A. G. SEARLES, Cleveland, Ohio.
" JAMES BAYLISS, Massillon, Ohio.
" CHAS. H. KIES, Buffalo, N. Y.
" G. J. WEBB, " "
" S. W. CHILDS, Waterloo, N. Y.
" J. M. CLARK, Watertown, N. Y.
" T. W. CHURCHILL, Little Falls.

Agents wanted to circulate the Mechanic's Advocate in every city and village in the United States. Good encouragement given.

The elections have now all taken place for the present quarter, and we hope our correspondents will send in a list of the officers for the next number of our paper. Will not some person in each Protection in the United States do us this favor?

THE LADIES WREATH for April, has been laid upon our table. It contains two beautiful plates, and much excellent reading. For sale at Cooke's 454 Broadway.

We are indebted to Hon. JOHN A. DIX, for interesting Congressional documents.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

The present age may be called, and emphatically is, the age of Science. Our cities are now lighted with gas; a voyage across the Atlantic can be made in fourteen days; power-looms have been erected; the heavenly bodies have been explored, and we are made acquainted with the solar system; geology has unfolded the records of past ages; books and engravings have been multiplied, so as to reach the mass of the people; railroads and steam cars, have rendered a journey of weeks, but a day; the electric telegraph is fast uniting the most remote regions of the earth.

The application of science to the useful arts, is that by which the pages of the future historians of these times, will be long characterized.

Yet, the light of science by no means finds its way so easily to the abode of poverty as to the halls of wealth—the influence of discoveries are often long in extending themselves over the broad surface of society—long in penetrating the far off homes in our forest lands—still if we but cast our eyes over the broad expanse, we must behold the eagerness with which learning and science is sought for and obtained. Mind has become excited,—knowledge has been brought within the reach of millions; and not in vain. There has been shown a readiness to receive it. However great might seem the multiplication of books, the eagerness for acquisition has kept pace with it, and still the cry has been for more; showing the tendency of our nature to advance; and that while the development of science has been most rapid, it is only in harmony with the manifest destiny of man; and still if we cast our eyes to the future—when science shall be the playmate of children, and when they shall be able to draw from the earth and the material elements, their full tribute to his existence and enjoyment,—yet there is nothing in all these conceptions of an Utopia which seems out of the power of human nature, in due course, to realize and perpetuate to its own advantage. The tendency to intellectual advancement is one to moral good, also. The smallest effort in physical science, the merest mechanical adaptation of theory to practice, bears its moral fruit. Knowledge cannot be the companion of the gross vices, the sordid and brutalizing excitement, which belongs to a condition of ignorance. They will not inhabit under the same roof. They cannot be compressed into the same unity of being. The habits of the people, in this respect, have improved as much as their physical condition. Temperance societies, in the earnestness of their zeal, and with an exaggeration not unnatural, perhaps, may speak of the prevalence of the habit of intoxication—but who that has had the opportunity of personal observation for a long time past in the same locality will not bear witness to improved sobriety and decorum of manners having made among the people advances corresponding with the spread of literature and science? And to the fact, that while the world has been improving its machinery, man also has been amending his ways? In fact, the one is the result of the other; for the facilities which bring home comforts and conveniences to the general body of the people, tend also to make them better and more moral beings; to bring their intellects into play; to make them more thoughtful persons; to lay the foundations of charity and goodness; and to make them feel humanity to be better, more dignified, than at first they imagined.

The poorer classes have furnished their full contributions to the general advance of society. They have not been idle lookers on. Who have been the discoverers—who the inventors—who the improvers? You find them not in the leisure classes, but among men of industry, of toil, and of energies. Your Stones and your Simsons—these have been the movers and the improvers in mathematical science. Your Fultons, your Arkwrights and your Watts, your men of mechanical genius; these men were not bred in the lap of ease and indolence, but following humble occupations to

earn their own existence. And so it is always; the poor have always been the promoters and advancers of science. So is it also with the fine arts. These, and such as these, have contributed well to the advance of that science, which in turn has contributed to their good; and not only theirs, but the good of all. The people then have earned their right and title to share amply in all and everything that science can effect and work out for the general advantage of the human race. Besides, it is the inevitable tendency of science, of itself, and not by voluntary exertion—not by legal contribution—to work for humanity at large. When we speak of it beaming forth like the light Heaven—of its working regularly and surely like the ebb and flow of the tides, we use metaphors; but such figurative expressions have truth, and they depict the advance everywhere taking place by the intercourse of mind with mind—thought passing from one to another—and taking root and germinating in particular intellects, as if selecting the soil best fitted for its reception, spreading abroad daily, more and more widely, and giving and expanding with increasing rapidity.

THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

The new revolution in France, and the establishment of a republic upon the ruins of the old government, are subjects of comment and excitement, throughout the whole of this vast republic. Town and county alike are stirred up, congratulations are on the lips of every man.

The recent revolution in, and flight of Louis Philippe from, Paris, is another proof of the progress of the age, and stamp it still stronger as the age of progress—of reform. Let us, then, mingle our thanks with each other that the day is so rapidly approaching, when the nations of Europe will become as free and happy as are our own favored citizens.

The following extract from the *London Times* of Feb. 25, will give us some idea of what England thinks about these matters:

The magnitude of such an event cannot be overrated. The royalty of July has well high ended as it began; and after the labors, the struggles, and the contrivances of 17 years, it has undergone a defeat scarcely less decisive, and more surprising, than that of the elder Bourbons. For 17 years the policy of Louis Philippe has been a continued protest against the principles of popular power, to which he owes his throne; but it was in his destiny, to feel once more the bitterness of a losing cause—to stand again on the verge of anarchy, and to learn that the terrible energies of the French revolution defy the stoutest precautions of authority. Such a defeat is the temporary annihilation of government. No security remains. The court, which has been obliged to yield yesterday, and to dismiss an unpopular Minister, stands comparatively unarmed in presence of an excited people, whose animosity may possibly be directed ere long against a more illustrious head. The danger which has been dissipated by such a tardy concession is insignificant in comparison with those which now lie before the country. France has been suddenly and violently awakened from apathy to revolution. *These events in Paris will shake the kingdom with electric force. They will reverberate through Europe, where the materials of combustion are already profusely strewn abroad, and at a moment of extreme difficulty in many other countries a sudden shock is felt from the quarter where it was least expected. These considerations disclose a most threatening and uncertain future.*

EVA; *The Isles of Life and Death*—A Historical Romance, By Edward Maturin—2 vols. Burgess, Stringer & Co., 222 Broadway.

This is truly a *Romance*, of the high wrought school, for which the elder Maturia was so distinguished. The lovers of the extravagant, horrofic, most improbable, dismal, tender, and capricious and amatory, will find a full treat in this book, got up in elegant style of language, with few exceptions; with little offensive to good morals, except too much laudation of the war, and the murderous deeds of war, and too great importance attached to earthly deeds and vicissitudes. For sale at Cooks news office, No 454 Broadway.

[Reported expressly for the Mechanic's Advocate.]

List of Patents



Issued from the U. S. Patent Office, For the week ending March 21, 1848

To Charles Perley, of New York City, for improvement in Ships Windlasses. Patented March 21, 1848.

To Rensselaer D. Granger, of New York City, for improvement in Cooking Stoves. Patented March 21, 1848.

To Alexander H. Hart, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, for improvement in Twyers. Patented March 21, 1848.

To John Coates, of Manchester, England, for improvement in preparing fabrics for printing. Patented March 21, 1848 in the United States. In England, April 27, 1847.

To Chauncey W. Case, of Syracuse, N. Y., for improvement in apparatus for turning. Patented March 21, 1848.

To Stephen Porter, of Geneva, N. Y., for improvement in Washing Machines. Patented March 21, 1848.

DESIGN.

To Peter Van Ness and Abraham Wood, of New York City, for Design for Forks, Knives and Spoons. Patented March 21, 1848.

To Correspondents.

"The Vision of a New Era" is crowded out. It is a beautiful poem, and shall have a place soon.

"Away to the west," another poem, has been received, and placed on file for an early insertion.

C. S., New York.—Yours containing \$5, has been received. We expect to be in New York in a few days, and wish to see you.

J. C., Auburn.—Mr. Harbison writes to me that your subscribers have not received their papers. Have they come to hand yet. They were mailed immediately.

R. T., Brockport.—We send you a copy of last weeks Advocate. You will find the information you want there.

P. R., Boston.—We should like an active agent in Boston. You must send us references.

T. M., Rochester.—All the Patents issued since the publication of the Advocate was commenced, you will find among your files, as we have published all as received from the Patent Office.

L. R. T., Baltimore.—Many thanks for your interests in the Advocate. You are correct in your supposition, but the people are becoming better acquainted with the circumstances of the affair, and have fastened the blame where it belongs.

S. K. M.—An engraving for your machine will cost \$3, and can be furnished in time for our next number.

P. T., Buffalo.—We have answered you by mail; also R. W. T., M. T. and T. M.

J. J. L., Mass.—We cannot furnish the first volume of the Advocate, as we have but our regular files, for which we have been repeatedly offered \$5 a piece.

T. M., Waterford.—We can furnish back numbers of the present volume as far as 26th Feb.

Bro. HORACE E. HIGLEY, of Oswego, will please accept our thanks for additions to our subscription list. We have answered him by mail.

Those of our subscribers who are in arrears to us or our agents, are requested to forward the amount to this office as soon as convenient, and those whose time expires this week are earnestly requested to renew.

Railroad Intelligence.

OLD COLONY RAILROAD

The income of the Old Colony Railroad Company for thirteen weeks ending February 26, 1848, was \$39,442 63, against \$28,831 82 for the corresponding period in the previous year, showing an increase equal to 36 1-2 per cent this year.

GENERAL RAILROAD LAW.

The general railroad bill, which had previously passed the House, has been concurred in by the Senate, without amendment. There is, therefore, a general law under which capitalists may associate to construct railroads. The Legislature has not, however, conferred the right of eminent domain upon any subordinate tribunal.

MAD RIVER RAILROAD.

The Entire line of the Mad River Railroad is expected to be completed by the 1st of May next, and then the summer trip between the cities of Cincinnati and New York may be made in three days, and all by steam. The programme of the railroad companies, it is expected, will be as follows:—Leave Cincinnati at 2 P. M.; arrive at Springfield to sup 7 P. M.; leave Springfield at 9 P. M.; arrive at Sandusky (breakfast) 6 A. M.; leave Sandusky at 7 A. M.; arrive at Buffalo (breakfast) 5 A. M.; leave Buffalo at 6 A. M.; arrive at Albany (breakfast) 4 A. M.; leave Albany at 6 A. M.; arrive in New York 3 P. M. This makes three days and one hour! The traveller would arrive in Boston in three hours longer.

A GOOD PROJECT.

The Boston Traveller says that the authorities of one of our Railroads, whose President is a thoroughly practical man, are organizing a system of cheap travelling, for the thousands in our city and outskirts, who are at present, in a measure deprived of healthful exercise of this kind, through lack of means. The plan is said to resemble cheap steamboats, &c., of London, who carry thousands of the working classes of that city, into the villages at the very cheap rate of from one to three pence each. This plan would enable hundreds and thousands of our working classes to make an excursion of five or ten miles, at an expense stated at three cents per head each way. It is also stated that the plan will be tried the coming summer. It will, without doubt, if fairly tried, be of great benefit to the people at large and profit to the originators.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

One clear sign of the approach of the Presidential election, begins to intrude upon notice. Letter-writers have commenced the work of exaltation and defamation of the individuals most likely to be in the field. The editor of the Dayton Transcript, in a recent letter to his paper from Cincinnati, has spun the following rather tough yarn, we presume by way of giving Gen. Taylor a lift into the good graces of the religious community.

"I recently saw a man from Mississippi, who informed me that Gen. Taylor was a member of the Methodist Church. He said he heard him exhort once in a 'love feast.' The tears streamed from the old soldier's eyes as he related his experience, and when he spoke of the old enemy of mankind, although he did not exactly swear, yet he used some very harsh language, touching the old sinner, his circumventions and tergiversations."

ONE MORE USE OF CHLOROFORM.

We recommend Chloroform to the notice of Poor-Law Guardians, on account of what they will doubtless consider the desirable influence which the substance is capable of exerting on relieving officers—that of rendering them utterly devoid of feeling.

Kindness begets kindness, ill nature produces anger; anger hatred.

Geneva, March 20, 1848.

BRO. TANNER.—Dear Sir:—I see from your valuable paper, that much is said in favor of Political Action; and I am confident that to a great many it looks very plausible, indeed; and was it certain that the whole concentrated strength of the laboring portion of this country were united in this thing, then we might have some encouragement to hope that our efforts would prove successful. But as it is I think it would be the means of our entire defeat and overthrow, politically; which would render our condition much worse than it is at present. For if we should organise a separate and distinct party and prove unsuccessful, we should only reap the curses of both political parties, and our influence would be entirely destroyed; and well it might, for neither party would have any confidence in our integrity as politicians. I remember an effort that was made fourteen years ago in reference to states prison monopoly, and was at the state convention, held at Utica at that time and well do I remember the eloquent speeches that were made at that convention in favor of Political Action, and particularly of changing the then prison system. What was the result of all the efforts made at that time? Why, it resulted in an entire failure, for they did not even succeed in organizing the party; for political demagogues took the advantage of the position we occupied and started the report that it was a Whig move to entrap the honest Mechanic, and that was sufficient to kill us forever. I am convinced that we cannot accomplish any thing by separate organizations. My plan would be, and I would most strenuously recommend to those mechanics and laborers who are so urgent for a separate organization, that if they will see to it and attend the political caucuses of their separate parties and act unitedly, and with energy and perseverance, and at the same time with caution and prudence, I will guarantee success, complete success, in almost every county in the state; and instead of having seventeen Mechanics in our state legislature, as we now have, we shall have fifty or sixty. These are not mere assertions, but facts, which may be demonstrated if we will but make the effort. It is but a few years since we sent a Mr. Huntington to the Legislature, and that was not done by separate organization, but by a few individuals, united and persevering efforts and prudent management in the political party to which we belonged and what we accomplished there we can accomplish again. But if we had followed the advice of some who were very loud and clamorous for a separate and independent organization, we might have worked and tugged till doomsday and without any beneficial result. I have no doubt that leading politicians and aspirants for office would rejoice if we were so unwise as to organize a Mechanics and Workingmans party, and why? because they would rally the whole farming community in opposition to us and not only the farming portion but all classes in society who are not identified with us; and what I ask could we expect to gain? nothing but defeat, and with it the satisfaction of knowing that we have brought it upon ourselves, a very consoling reflection indeed! Let us learn wisdom by the past, and learn to act well our part, not only as Mechanics but as citizens of this great and happy republic and demand it as a matter of equal justice in the separate parties to which we belong that it is nothing more than what is right and proper that we should have an equal representation in our state and National Legislatures with other classes in the community and not because we are Mechanics simply, but because we are citizens in common with others which need to be looked after, and taken care of, as much as any other class in society. We are opposed to separate political action in Geneva, but we will try to bring about as happy a result in the parties to which we belong, as those possibly can who are so much in favor of a separate party, a few weeks will determine the question in point. I have said that we in Geneva are opposed to separate action. I have no made the statement, based merely upon my own opinion but with the full assurance that I have expressed the opinion of all of our leading Mechanics. Another objection to a separate organization is the fact that we are not united. I see from a correspondent in your paper that in Utica and Lockport they are opposed to it, and how is it in the city of New York, do they have a separate party there? it appears not, but they have accomplished more in that city, than they probably would have done by a separate effort.

Yours,

S.

Steamship "ACADIA," off Boston, Feb. 1st, 1848.

MR. JNO. TANNER—Dear Sir:—Agreeable to my promise, I sit down to give you an account, a short one, of a January voyage across the Atlantic. We left Liverpool, Jan. 18th, at 2 o'clock A. M. The officers and men all appeared at their posts in full uniform.—After firing a gun we proceeded slowly on our way; then we saw a mail steamer coming after us, towing a boat, bearing an unfortunate passenger who was behind the time. We took no notice of him, poor fellow; and "better be an hour too soon than a minute too late," was peculiarly applicable in his case. To some this may appear unjust, but the Capt. has no right to stop his vessel, unless in danger, without permission of the Lieut. in charge of Her Majesty's mails, when under way. The next day was Sunday, and divine service was performed on board, by the Rev. Mr. SMITH, of the Episcopal church, Halifax. We had a most tremendous gale off Cape Clear, for 3 days and nights in succession, which stove in our paddle box and bulwarks, and frosted the funnell from top to bottom quite white with the salt sea. There was plenty of pitching and plunging—the waves rolling mountains high and deluging the ship from stem to stern. It is a fearful thing to cross the wintry sea, to be far from land in the boiling surge, the wind howling and waters lashing the goodly ship most unmercifully. The novices are much alarmed and enquire of all supposed to know any thing of the matter, "what they call this," and "whether it was ever known to be like this before," and when told in a joke that, this is nothing to what it is sometimes, go away with a rueful face and say "well it never can be worse," and so content themselves for the time, while some of the sick inhabitants of a place, we called the hospital, (because it was much frequented by the sick, but which in reality is the smoking room abaft the funnell) wish they were at home with their mothers, and say if they were so nothing would tempt them to cross the sea again; but getting well these very men were the merriest of them all.—The ladies too, what good sailors some of them are, as good as any man among them. In the hospital we would sit and beguile the time with songs and stories, in the long and tedious day when we were tied up, (as a persons neck is sometimes in danger, when the floor is the ceiling and the ceiling the floor.) Often, when looking at the angry sea, and seeing the waves break over us, we would be all thrown down in a heap together, and rolled from side to side, while the water would wash in and drench us to the skin.

Some who were ashamed of being sick and would pretend they were not, with a whitened face would call for the Steward and in a whisper request some antidote and if it did not prove effectual, you would see them silently steal away under the pretext of going to look at some object of interest over the vessel's side, and return with a very red face and watery eyes, breathing very hard as if they had undergone some violent exertion, while a faint smile would illumine their faces as they exclaimed, "They were very interesting, those porpoises, I never saw any before." Some never left their cabins during the voyage. After dinner we always had singing and toasting and after that whilst to pass the evening; in all of which the Captain joined with a hearty good will. We had two beautiful evenings and a calm sea; then we were all on deck and music and dancing were gone into with great vigor. The moon serenely shining overhead and the banks of clouds on the verge of the horizon, looked like the promised land emerging from the sea. We had interesting trials, Mile and Pilot Lotteries to pass the time, and in fact, were like one family; and so pleasant had the time passed, notwithstanding the rough weather, that we looked forward to parting with regret. As we neared America, the mild weather passed away, and rising in the morning the masts were covered with snow like the tall forest trees, while the watchers of the night had their faces plastered like the pipe, showing rolling seas, strong gales and heavy weather. Silently at night, when calm, the dark mass holds its way and cleaves the waters, and when dark, the ocean may be seen streaked with fire in all directions. By day passing a sail, seeing porpoises, the gulls, and mother careys chickens, and sometimes a whale, furnishes food for amusement and conversation. On the banks of Newfoundland we had a heavy gale and a beam sea. We had purposely kept out of sight of Cape Race, to avoid a similar accident to that of the Britannia. There was any quantity of rolling here, and at dinner, although tables, chairs and every thing is fastened down, the whole was swept from the tables at every pitch and plunge. A motley sight, the floor presented waiters

with bruised heads, candles, chickens, meats and vegetables, all rolling round together, while the small roast pig took a leap into a tureen of soup, went down, and was never heard of more; and not a few had some of this same soup emptied into their laps to no small damage of silks and casimeres. At night we would prop ourselves in bed to prevent being thrown out, and sometimes would lay and roll from side to side without sleep, until we would roar for mercy; or if we dozed and shut our eyes, the ship would lurch, and, waking up, forget which side to catch, would catch at nothing, and thus be thrown headlong out at the peril of our necks. We had two more Sundays on board, and the last we raised a quoir and the services were got on in order. The minister had to hold fast to the table while preaching, it being very rough. We are now in soundings and heave the lead; in the morning when we rose we were off the town of Halifax, and soon beside the wharf for a few hours. We go on shore and visit the fortifications and the British troops stationed there.—At one o'clock we fire a gun and are off with a few new comers for Boston. What a smooth sea we had to be sure between these places, and the weather as mild as spring time. Dr. Green, of Lowell, is chosen president of a meeting, and a letter is got up to compliment Capt. Stone on his first voyage; as having made the quickest January trip on record. There were a fine set of whole-souled men on board from Europe to America, who would vie with one another, in complimenting their opposite countries in toasts after dinner. At night the Boston lights break upon us, and we cast anchor in Nantucket Roads, firing guns—throwing up rockets, and burning blue lights, to let them know a vessel has arrived. A violent snow storm now comes on which we luckily escaped, and which would have detained us days longer perhaps. The news men board us, despite the storm, and the go-ahead principle of Yankee land is seen by all the news being published and the arrival of the ship, on our coming to the hotel in Boston. We came up to East Boston in a great storm, we could hardly see our way. We had a farewell dinner at the hotel, and never did the halls of old Tremont echo to more good humor and feeling, than prevailed on our parting day. After dinner we went to the different Rail Road depots, and some were hurried to their homes and anxious friends, and others to new scenes in the New World, while the good old ship discharged her freight and is now on her homeward track, with the same scenes going on as before; but never will she carry a more friendly set who will become more attached to each other than the fellow voyagers of the 15th January, 1848, from England to America. Yours &c., HENRY W. MEADE.

MR. EDITOR.—The Manufacturers complain that the markets are glutted, and there is a necessity for a reduction of wages; will a reduction of wages ease the market? I think not; unless they go upon the principle "work according to your pay." There is another kind of reduction that I would recommend, that is to adopt the ten hour system, and produce less; that would benefit us all. It would benefit the laboring class in more ways than one. First we are confined too long in close hot rooms for our health, our youth who are now confined in these close rooms from the dawn of day until late at night, with no respite but half an hour twice a day for their meals, inhaling this unhealthy atmosphere. Overtaxed with labor, their spirits became depressed, and, like the indoor plant, will wilt and wither under the first rays of the sun. Their feeling are so benumbed that they have little or no relish for moral or intellectual improvement, and many of them have little or no chance for an education, consequently are growing up in ignorance, unfit for society; and all for what? Why, to over produce and glut the market. But says one, if you produce less we shall have less wealth. Who will have less wealth? will the laborer have less? does over taxed labor result in making the laborer more wealthy? certainly not; it is eventually a loss to him, by a loss of health, and brings on premature old age if not death. It may be a present loss to our employers, but in the end it will be to them a gain, for laborers will be more rugged, stronger, and will of course work with more alacrity; we should become more intelligent and who is there that does not know and believe that the more intelligent a person is, the more valuable is he as a laborer and the less liable is he to become a tax to society by poverty or crime.

More anon,
Stuyvesant Falls, March 10, 1848.

W.

Syracuse, March 20, 1848.

J. TANNER, Esq.—Sir:—I read an extract in your last weeks paper, dated Poughkeepsie, Feb. 3, 1848, on a Workingman's Party. I think the gentleman very lavishing in his ideas, in considering that the majority of evils which we are laboring under, is caused from the great influx of foreign workmen. I suppose that he has forgot that this is a free land, and if not, all that is necessary, in my opinion, to make it otherwise, is to place the offices of this great nation in his care. He boasts himself of being a Native American "heart and soul," but I fear he has not much of the good spirit that our forefathers possessed. The cause of humanity has no place in his soul, although he is troubled so much with its groans.

A SUBSCRIBER.

WHAT ALL WANT, AND BY ALL WHO USE THEM SAY.

WHAT ALL WANT, AND BY ALL WHO USE THEM SAY.—Among the numerous purgatives given, it is acknowledged by all persons who have used Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills, that they have found none so safe and valuable; they are also a complete substitute for mercury in every shape and form. They are suitable for all constitutions and ages, and being entirely vegetable, no inquiry need be apprehended from taking cold, or any other cause. They will be found a safe, easy, and pleasant cathartic in every case where one is indicated or required. Nearly all the purgatives administered pass through the stomach and bowels without stimulating them sufficiently to create a healthy action, but this medicine not cleanses them of bilious or morbid matter, but likewise changes the secretions, while at the same time they invigorate or restore their tone. They gently soften and loosen all the hard and impure matter collected in the stomach and intestines, and carry it off completely by full easy and natural evacuations. Their purity, mildness, safety, certainty, and thoroughness, render them the most desirable medicine known.

¶ Pamphlets giving a more general description of the Medicine may be had of any of the agents.

Principal Depot, Albany, N. Y. All orders must be directed to L. R. HERRICK & Co. These medicines can be obtained in any city, village and town where this paper circulates. Sold by Druggists and country merchants throughout the United States and Canada. Albany, Jan. 25, 1848.

COOKE'S WEEKLY BULLETIN.

Saturday Courier.	MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE,
New World.	Spirit of the Times.
Home Journal.	Weekly Herald.
News of the World.	Weekly Tribune.
Saturday Evening Post.	John Donkey.
Neal's Gazette.	The Elephant.
Olive Branch.	Weekly Sun.
The Universe.	Old Countryman.
The Flag of the Free.	Island City.
Flag of our Union.	Saturday Rambler.
Star Spangled Banner.	Union Jack.
Police Gazette.	Weekly Yankee.
The Uncle Sam.	The Golden Rule.
The Yankee Blade.	Weekly True Sun.
Boston Pilot.	Sunday Dispatch.
Dollar Newspaper.	Sunday Times.
Sunday Mercury.	Sunday Age.

Also, Little's Living Age, Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Union Magazine, Ladies' National Magazine, for April, just received and for sale at
COOKE'S NEWS OFFICE,
No. 454 Broadway.

BURROWS & NELLEGAR'S Sarsaparilla.

Albany, March 18, 1846.

Messrs. Burrows & Nellegar:

Gents.—Having lately experienced the very great benefit to be derived from the use of your invaluable preparation of Sarsaparilla, I deem it but justice to you and my duty to the public, to give you some of the particulars of my complaint and cure. I was severely attacked some months since with rheumatism in my back, shoulders and wrists, and the advice and attendance of several physicians was followed for some time, but without any benefit whatever. Sarsaparilla was freely used in various form of preparation, and all without any relief. At length, by the advice of my friends, I began to use some of the published medicines of the day, without any benefit. I was induced by the high character of some testimonials I had seen in favor of your preparation, to make one more trial: and before using the second bottle, I found my disease going away; and now after the use of only five bottles, I can conscientiously say, that I am perfectly cured, and that I attribute my cure entirely to the use of your Sarsaparilla, and by which I am enabled to follow my business with ease and pleasure. I would therefore unhesitatingly recommend it to the public notice in firm belief that those afflicted with the disease will find that more relief from it than from any other medicine now before the public. Trusting that my experiences may induce some afflicted one to have recourse to the virtues of your Sarsaparilla, I remain your ob't serv't.

G. O. MERRIFIELD.

REMOVAL.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY

Have removed their depot in this city, from Broadway to
144 1/2 South Pearl street,

corner of Norton (opposite Centre Market,) where they will be happy to see their old customers, and as many new ones as may favor them with a call.

This Company sell their Teas by the single pound as low as small dealers usually buy elsewhere by the chest. By purchasing from this Company you will be sure of always obtaining good Tea, and save one or two shillings per lb.

The following are the retail prices, subject to being returned if they do not prove to be as represented.

GREEN TEAS.

Young Hyson, sweet cargo,	\$0 8
do do do finer,	65
do do fine cargo,	75
do do extra fine,	85
do do silver leaf,	1 00

(Silver Leaf—Seldom sold, even by large dealers, because of the very small profits made on its sale. This is a very superior tea.)

Hyson, very fine,	75
do plantation growth,	1 00
Gunpowder, good,	75
do superior,	1 00
do small leaf, plantation growth,	1 25
Imperial, good,	75
do brisk and fragrant,	1 00
do curious leaf, very superior,	1 25
Hyson Skin, fine flavor,	85
do do extra fine,	95

BLACK TEAS.

Pouchong, good full flavor,	\$0 55
do fine,	60
do very superior,	75
Souchong, good,	85
do extra fine,	90
Oolong, strong flavor, fine,	80

(Oolong—This tea is a great favorite and gives universal satisfaction.)

do very fine,	95
do extra fine,	75
English Breakfast Tea, fine,	80
do do extra fine,	75

Howqua's Mixture, a strong and rich black tea, Pekoe flavor, warranted to be as good as is sold at other establishments for a dollar.

Congo, good,	75
do very fine,	80
Pekoe Flowers, good,	1 00

Also COFFEE and SUGARS, which will be sold lower than at any other store in the city for the same qualities.

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Portraits put in Gold Lockets, Velvet or Silk cases, Frames etc., in the most finished style and at prices lower than any other establishment in the city. Please call and see.

The Hair Cutter, T. W. Garrison's, Hair Cutting and Shaving Saloon, No. 29, South Pearl street, under Washington Hall, Albany.

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Registers for Protections always on hand made from the best materials and ruled according to the system now in use—at \$1 25 per Register.

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Mechanics Cheap Clothing Store. H. W. Allen would respectfully inform the Mechanics of the city of Albany, and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand at his wholesale and retail clothing emporium, No. 425 Broadway, a large assortment of seasonable and serviceable clothing. All orders promptly executed and in the best and most substantial manner.

Gentlemen's Hats—Fall Fashion.

GOODWIN & McKINNEY, Hatters, No. 3 Exchange, issued their Fall style of Hats on Saturday, August 28th. They invite the attention of those who want a very elegant and strictly fashionable hat, to their present stock, which cannot be surpassed in this or any other city.

Daguerreotype Notice. THE subscriber would announce to the citizens of Albany and vicinity, that he continues to make Photographic Likenesses in every variety of style, from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Having recently made a vast improvement in the art, he is enabled to get ap miniatures that cannot be surpassed.

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Fine Mess Pork, the best the market affords, at SMITH & PACKARD'S.

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Gentlemen's Hats. Goodwin & McKinney, Hatters, will introduce Leary & Co's Spring Style which will be the prevailing style of the season, on Wednesday March 3. All orders left at the Great Hat Emporium, No. 3 Exchange, will be promptly attended to.

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Manufacturer of Regalia, M. M. P. Masonic, I. O. of R., I. O. of O. F. Druids, S. of T., A. O. of G. F. Camp and P. C. R's, Regalia. At No. 217 West Seventeenth street, N. Y.

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The most extraordinary Medicine in the world! This Extract is put up in Quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

Great Spring and Summer Medicine.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other Medicine is, whilst it Eradicates disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Spring and Summer Medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates New and Rich blood; a power possessed by no other Medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of Severe Cases of Disease; at least 5,000 of these were considered incurable. More than 3,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism; 2,000 cases of Diarrhea; 4,000 cases of General Debility and Want of Energy; 7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints; 2,000 cases of Scrofula; 1,500 cases of the Liver Complaint; 2,500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy; 3,000 cases of Consumption; And Thousands of cases of disease of the Blood, viz: Ulcers, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the face, &c., &c. Together with numerous cases of Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Chest, Spinal Affections, &c., &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from physicians and our agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, N. J., informs us that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure, and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the Preventive of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON.

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season.

UNITED STATES OFFICER.

Capt. G. W. McLean, member of the Legislature, and late of the United States Navy, has kindly sent us the following certificate. It tells its own story.

Rahway, Jan. 25, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the influenza, and my whole system left in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles, I was very much relieved, and attribute it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla. I have continued taking it, and find that I improve every day. I believed it saved my life, and would not be without it under any consideration.

G. W. McLEAN.

DYSPEPSIA.

No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food and strengthening the organs of digestion as their preparation of Sarsaparilla.

Bank Department, Albany, May 10, 1845.

Dr. Townsend: Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies but they had but little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours, &c.,

W. W. VAN ZANDT.

GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a Sovereign and speedy cure for incipient Consumption, Barrenness, Leucorrhoea, or Whites, obstructed or difficult Menstruation, Incontinence of Urine, or involuntary discharge thereof, and for the general prostration of the system—no matter whether the result of inherent cause or causes, produced by irregularity, illness or accident.

Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human frame. Persons, all weakness and lassitude, from taking it, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence. It immediately counteracts the nervousness of the female frame, which is the great cause of barrenness.

It will not be expected of us, in cases of so delicate a nature, to exhibit certificates of cures performed, but we can assure the afflicted that hundreds of cases have been reported to us. Several cases where families have been without children, after using a few bottles of this invaluable medicine, have been blessed with healthy offspring.

Dr. Townsend: My wife being greatly distressed by weakness and general debility, and suffering continually by pain and a sensation of bearing down, falling of the womb, and with other difficulties, and having known cases where your medicine has effected great cures, and also hearing it recommended for such cases as I have described, I obtained a bottle of your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and followed the directions you gave me. In a short period it removed her complaints and restored her health. Being grateful for the benefits she received I take pleasure in thus acknowledging it, and recommending it to the public.

Albany, Aug. 17, 1844.

Cor of Grand and Lydius sts.

OPINIONS OF PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the City of Albany, have in numerous cases prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations of the Sarsaparilla in the market.

H. P. PULING, M. D.

J. WILSON, M. D.

R. B. BRIGGS, M. D.

P. E. ELMENDORF, M. D.

Albany, April 1, 1846.

The following is from one of the most respectable physicians on Long Island:—

Greenport, July 10, 1846.

Dr. Townsend: Dear Sir—It is with satisfaction that I say to you, that I have recently witnessed, in several cases, the most beneficial results from the use of your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Being engaged in the practice of medicine, I have prescribed it in several cases, and never without benefit. In the removal of disease arising from a deranged state of the digestive organs, jaundice, &c., it far exceeds any thing of the kind ever before offered to the public. You will please send me two dozen, &c. &c.

Respectfully yours, S. C. PRESTON, M. D.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, practicing Thomsonian Physicians of the City of Albany, have frequently prescribed Dr. Townsend's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, and from its known qualities, would recommend it to the public for mercurial, scrofulous, and other cutaneous diseases, in preference to any of the advertised remedies now in use.

A. W. RUSSEL, T. P.

WM. B. STANTON, T. P.

Albany, April 2, 1846.

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New Watch and Jewelry Store. The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the store 6 1-2 South Pearl street, lately occupied by James Sanders, and has just returned from New York with a well selected stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Gold and Gift Jewelry, Cutlery, German Silver, Steel and Plated Fancy Goods, Watch Materials, Watch Glasses, &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted. Jewelry and Silver Ware made to order. The highest price paid for old Gold and Silver. Call and see: 23yl VISSCHER MIX.

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Gold and silver Watches, Gold Chains, Pens, Pencils Cases and a good assortment of rich Jewelry and Silver Ware which will be sold retail, at New York prices. All kinds of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, will be repaired, made to order and warranted. Old Gold and Silver bought for their full value in exchange for Goods.

Albany, July 1, 1847.

MAMMOTH VARIETY STORE, and house keepers emporium, No. 329 Broadway, Albany. The above extensive establishment has recently undergone very important alterations, and is now in the arrangement alone, a novelty and worthy of notice. It is indeed a desirable place of resort, where old or young may while away their leisure moments. The proprietor wishes it distinctly understood that he and his assistants are at all times happy to wait on visitors who call merely from curiosity—indeed, those citizens who will take the trouble to call, and when convenient introduce their friends (strangers in the city,) for the purpose of examining his unique collection will confer on the subscriber a favor, while he trusts to themselves the time will not be wholly lost.

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18 New-York.....Tues	42 Rochester.....Tues
19 New-York.....Mon	43 Saratoga Springs.....Mon
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21 Albany.....Fri	45 Buffalo.....Fri
22 Albany.....Tues	46 Whitesboro.....Tues
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24 Auburn.....Thurs	48 Theresa.....Fri

Ohio.	
1 Cleveland.....Mon	11 Cuyahoga Falls.....Mon
2 Painesville.....Tues	12 Wooster.....Tues
3 Massillon.....Tues	13 Canfield.....Mon
4 Akron.....Thurs	14 Salem.....Tues
5 Ohio City.....Fri	15 New Lisbon.....Sur. Char
6 Cleveland.....Fri	16 Canal Dover.....Fri
7 Elyria.....Fri	17
8 Canton.....Thurs	18 Navarre.....Mon
9 Cincinnati.....Wed	19 Youngstown.....Wed
10 Cincinnati.....Wed	20

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1 Grand Rapids.....	3 Jackson.....
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1 Philadelphia.....	
Wisconsin Territory.	
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OUR CAUSE.

How goes the cause of Mutual Protection? is a question we often hear asked, and one which we take great pleasure in answering. It is true, we are not so well posted upon this matter, as we could desire to be, but we know enough to warrant us in saying that the cause is still onward. The new Protection in the State of Ohio installed by our zealous and efficient D. P., Bro. J. Matthews, are doing as well as could be expected; increasing in numbers, and extending their influence; and the "original seven," organized by Bro. Kies of N. Y., are in a sound, healthy working condition and the watch word of all progress. But we have many difficulties to encounter in this great work of reform. The common prejudice against secret societies. The want of confidence prevalent among working men in associated action as a means of their own elevation, and the strange indifference of others to their true interests and foul wrongs, together with the powerful and persevering opposition of those who imagine that their interests are indented with the present system of grinding oppression are circumstances calculated to discourage the timid, and cause the fainthearted to falter. The fact, too, of the pre-occupancy of the ground by other orders, professing to have for their object, the reformation of society, and the removal of most of the evils of which we complain, is another barrier in the way of our advancement. We have the "Sons of Temperance," "Rechabites," "Odd Fellows," and the "Old Jerusalem," which claims to have "come down from above," and to be the "mother of us all," alias Masonry; all in the field, claiming and dividing the sympathies of the Mechanics, and thus neutralizing their influence, and paralyzing their energies. For, it is a fact as clear to our view, as anything can be that however good and beneficial these orders may be in themselves, they never can, in the very nature of things, effect the reformation we demand, or our elevation as a class, to that position in society which our importance to the civilized world should assign us. And Mechanics will soon realize this fact, and feel that they must unite together in an association from which those, whose interests are not indented with theirs, will be

excluded. An association which will afford them a refuge from the withering influence of cast, and palsy prejudice of a pampered aristocracy which haunts them every place, and from which they are not exempt, even in the enclosure of the sanctuary of the Most High. We say that Mechanics will soon realize this; and when they do, the "time of our deliverance is at hand." Down-trodden humanity will assert her rights. Hope will spring up in our hearts, and standing erect in the

more attitude, we will calmly meet

the more attitude, we will calmly meet

the more attitude, we will calmly meet

the more attitude, we will calmly meet

the more attitude, we will calmly meet

the more attitude, we will calmly meet

the more attitude, we will calmly meet

"He has gone
To his long home,
Beneath the willow tree."

We sincerely sympathize with his respected parents and relatives, and we can feel that their bereavement is sad and afflicting. So sudden was the decease of our brother, that before his father could arrive from his home to receive the recognizant farewell of his son, the light of sensibility had vanished, and the lamp of life but flashed to die. As the sun was setting behind our western mountains on last Tuesday evening, the sun of Br. Delamater's life, after having run his short circuit of twenty-five years, also went down to rise no more while time exists.

The attention which his relatives paid to him in sickness is above all praise, so also, that of his brother mechanics with whom he labored in Mr. Secor's Foundry, it shewed the true spirit of brother craftsman, and we as an Association of Practical Mechanics will always endeavor to cultivate the same, and in remembrance of our brother's decease, we will clothe the emblems of our Order in mourning till the end of next term, and would communicate this expression of our feelings with sincere respect to his parents and friends.

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